

DIALOGUE

Papist and Quaker.

MY Friend, well met, I wonder what thou hast to say?
What hast thou now to fear, what dost thou say?
Sure thy Religion can't be good, unless thou say
We fear no Magistrates, nor higher Power,
The Light within us now so brightly shines,
That now methinks thy Tapers much do shine.
Yes, Yes, my Friend, it is without all doubt
Our Light within, that puts your Tapers out!
I find my Friend, that you have now a Lay Man,
That can compare with any Yeoman or Man.

Why do you tax me for forsaking those?
Who if they find me will my Corps dispose,
First to the Gallows, thence unto the Grave,
Where some of our Saints have had their Fate,
There to be plac'd upon the view of men,
Who if there were a thousand, would not scratch a pin,
But laughing say, here is the Corps of one,
That would our King most willingly depose;
Forth from his Throne, and made it their Delight;
To Rob poor English Protestants of Right,
Why dost thou think that we have no Design
To make our power full as great as thine?

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What though we do hold forth the Pope is naught,
And that no Bulls, nor Pardon can be bought,
You'll find our Faith will prove to be a good
As yours, who by the publick's understood;
Before those people Protestants we roare
And do exclaim, and say the Pope's a Whore
Of Babylon, yet you shall find, A
That we are clearly of another mind.

Well done my Friend, it is great Pollicy
To cloak such choise Designs by secrecy;
You by pretended Zeal have such a wile,
That may poor simple Protestants beguile.
They take you though you'r Wolves to be but Sheep,
And think by such they may securely sleep;
Not thinking such poor Innocents can be
Such plotting, Firing, Blood-suckers as we.
When if they should but search, I fear they'd find
That ye are Wolves, for murdering Sheep design'd.

I pray thee Friend, now do but mind the Light
Which is within us, and doth shine so bright;
It doth put out the Light of others Eyes,
That they poor Souls, can't see their Enemies.
They are deluded by our yea and nay,
And think we always mean as we do say;
But they will find unto their Detriment,
That we to ruine them are fully bent,
And only cloak our great Designs by wiles,
As Crafty Faulconers harmless birds beguiles.

I find my Brother, you a Guilty are,
Of that which Protestants pretends a Snare;
Laid by us only, whom I most confesse,
Were the contrivery of this wickedness;
Whilst ye assist us with this fine pretence,
That ye are mirrours of all innocence,

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Which they believe, whil' st ye do lye perdue,
Upon the Scout to hear what Plot is new
Which when ye secretly do understand,
You will not fail to lend your helping hand.

My Friend I tell thee for thy future good,
I wonder much thou hast not understood,
With what obscurity we do design
The simple Protestants to undermine;
Surely my Friend thou hast not quite forgot,
How formerly we managed a Plot,
We by pretended Innocence did cause,
The overthrow both of our King and Laws.
Yet still we are thought to be innocents,
Only we are condemn'd for Male-content.

If thus ye have by innocent disguise,
Made King and Kingdom, Laws and all a Prize;
Of your Assistance we may make no doubt,
For Treachery once harbour'd ne're will out,
And if of subtle Plotters we grow leant,
Wee'l search amongst ye to supply our want,
But if we should do so a pox upon t,
The Pope will say 'tis Quakers that have don't;
Then all our Works by him will be despis'd
And we for Saints shall ne're be Cannoniz'd.

Fear not my Friend, we'l Rob thee of thy due,
But let us weigh what we intend to do;
My Conscience checks me with a thousand stings,
And says 'tis hainous for to murder Kings.
Me thinks I hear the Bloud for Vengeance cry,
Of Charles the first, who innocent did dye.
And shall we then embrew our hand again,
In Royal Bloud, nay let King Charles remain
To be our Guide, let him the Scepter sway,
And as he is Supream, let us obey.

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If once you talk of Conscience I have done
For our Religion will allow of none:
The Pope allows of it, and says 'tis just
We may contrive to please our carnal Lust;
And for Revenge we murder may commit
And vve do justly, vwhen vve practice it.
Our Doctor says a Dose of Royal Blood
Against Distempers is exceeding good:
Shall vve despise it then for this pretence
We are afraid of checks of Conscience.

Thou vile pretender to the Christian Faith
Mind what the Spirit now within me saith;
It tells thee thus, thou may'st not hurt the King,
Unless thou wilt thy Soul to Ruine bring.
Then offer not that Royal Blood to touch,
One drop of which will stain thy Soul so much
Think not of the allowance of the Pope,
For vvhich the Law will loose thee in a Rope.
But rather think how thou thy mind may'st bring
To love and honour Charles our Gracious King.

What fond delusions vvorke within thy Fate,
Wilt thou to us now prove a Reprobate,
I thought you had been faithful to your Oaths,
But you delude us with your yeas and nays:
Ne're more il'e trust a Quaker for thy sake,
Thou to assist us once didst undertake.
But now our Plot is Rotten at the Root
You cry your Conscience vwould not let you do't.
Hence Quaker hence, I have no more to say,
But this, I'll be cautious be of Yea and Nay.



